THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXVIII.

Beatrice. I pray you is signior Montanto returned from the *wars?* I pray you how many hath he killed and eaten? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

SHAKSPEARE, Much ado about Nothing, act 1.

Hogarth, in his plate of the Industrious 'Prentice, Lord Mayor of London, has introduced, in the most ludicrous attitudes, the *train-bands*, as they are stiled in England, or, in other words, the city *militia*. These men, conformably to their habits of life, and to their unwarlike character, are aptly delineated, in every shape, except that of a soldier. One is armed with a pot of porter, instead of a firelock, and another appears terrified at a flash in the pan. The tall and the short, grey beards and younkers, are blended in this fantastic medley, and you may see the ferocious cheese-monger, the cavalier cobler, the intrepid dustman, and the magnanimous tailor, "all clad in arms," and breathing death and destruction....to the expected sirloin, or the coming tankard.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, who had seen actual service, and behaved with great gallantry at the head of a company, cherished for these holiday soldiers that contempt, which every veteran feels for a mimic hero. While he was conducting the most airy of his papers, an incident occurred in the city, which gave a loose to all his mirth. One of those mockeries of military splendour, called a *training*, or a *muster*, was exhibited, by the *Artillery company*, a band of *harmless citizens*, who understood eating, drinking, sleeping, or any thing, but sieges and battles. Steele, who, both as a soldier and a wit, could not avoid adverting to the ridiculous imbecility of such a clumsy pageant, amused himself by transcribing from one of the daily papers, the original plan of these military operations. This, together with his remarks, it will be pleasant to read, and the philosophic observer will readily perceive, that it is no caricature of the visage of the *citizen soldier*.

"*An exercise at arms of the Artillery company, to be performed on Wednesday, June* 29, 1709, *under the command of Sir Joseph Wolfe, Knt. and Alderman, General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-General; Captain Richard Synge, Major, &c. &c.*

"The body marched from the artillery ground, through Moor lane gate, Coleman street, Lothbury, Broad street, Finch lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martins, St. Anne's lane, halt the pikes under the wall, in Noble street, draw up the firelocks, facing the Goldsmith's hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times, beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad lane, Gutter lane, Honey lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Anne's lane, up Aldersgate street, Barbican, and draw up in Red-Cross street, the right at St. Paul's alley, in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech lane: he sends a division up King's head court, and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red Lion market to defend that pass, and succour the division in King's head court, but keeps in White cross street, facing Beech lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the general marches up Beech lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court. into the market, and enters with three divisions, while he presses the lieutenant-general's main body; and at the same time, the three divisions, force those of the revolters out of the market and so all the lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell street, and lodges two divisions in Grub street; and as the general marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way; but having a retreating place in Red Lion court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through St. Paul's alley, are pursued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up, and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men, that lay in Black Raven court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time, those brave divisions in St. Paul's alley, ply their rear with grenadoes, that, with precipitation, they take to the rout along Bunhill row: so the general marches into the artillery ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show, as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons."

On this *military* narrative, my sarcastic predecessor remarks, that for its style and invention, it might instruct generals and historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it, when it is over. These elegant expressions, ditto, and so, but soon, but having, but could not, but are, but they, finds the party to have found, &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He alas! has lost in Beech lane and Chiswell street, all the glory he lately gained, in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of sub-dividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and, according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's head court, and Red Lion market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it that the greatest part of the achievements of this day was to be performed near Grub street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who being eye-witnesses of these wonders should impartially transmit them to posterity. But it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark, as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in St. Paul's alley, especially because those divisions are justly stiled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and desolation, which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

I have often thought, that in this, our charming country, whose veriest follies we are instructed by every patriot to admire, merely because they are American, that there is some little room for a good humoured pleasantry of this kind. In celebration of one of the most glorious of our militia puppet-shows, the Grub street historian might, with the simplicity of the frank Froissart, or "such an honest chronicleer as Griffith," narrate in this wise.

This hot morning was *ushered in* by no cooling or courteous breeze or gentle zephyr, but in rather a boisterous stile, by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells. Joy sat in the countenance of every one, who either expected to make a good dinner, or to make any money by selling one. About twelve o'clock, the Presbyterian True Blue company, under the command of lieutenant Gander, paraded before Oliver's dock, and fired divers vollies over the stump of the tree of liberty, which, with grief we are constrained to say it, appeared a little decayed. The company then went through the various evolutions, with astonishing exactness, considering that from the heat, enthusiasm, and libations of the day, many of them could scarcely hold up their heads and arms. They then marched and counter-marched to their own satisfaction, and the great delight of the ladies in the windows and balconies, and of divers small boys, who had climbed "yea to chimney tops," to witness this sublime spectacle, so worthy of freemen.

After parading through the principal streets, and looking valiantly at the spectators, the company halted in Cornhill, and lieutenant Gander, flourishing his sword, addressed his heroic followers, and adverted to the feelings, manners and principles, which gave birth to militia Virtue. Though, like other infants, she was small at first, she had now grown a strapping wench, and could defy the world. This speech was vehemently applauded. The sun shone brighter than usual, the skies had on a full suit of blue and gold, the air of narrow streets grew as elastic as whalebone, and all Cornhill was changed into Olympus. 'Prentice boys mounted undauntedly the breach of the counter, and shop-keepers grew heroes at the sound.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bad execution of the laws....Three instances of murder left unpunished by the corruption of the judges.... The lawyers.....————purloins and meets with no punishment....Judicial proceedings not sufficiently public....Three American citizens forcibly sent away from New-York in the night, on board an English ship of war.

The execution of the laws, however, depends upon the prevailing manners; and this is the most important object....How they are administered in Pennsylvania, I shall shew, merely by repeating here, several examples contained in my letters to Mr. Archenholz, which were published in his Minerva. I have them from a German clergyman of the Calvinist church at Easton in Pennsylvania, a man of information, who assured me he was ready to attest the truth of these transactions, and that I might make them public*. In the neighbourhood of Easton, and district of Northampton in Pennsylvania, a countryman of French origin by the name of Lange, beat his wife to death, while she was big with child, in the most inhuman manner. The neighbours heard her dreadful shrieks. The body after being buried, was dug up again, examined by a jury, and the coroner's verdict returned " wilful murder." The murder was proved, and I believe, even confessed; the countryman was to have been hanged, but received at the gallows a pardon, for it seems, he or his relations had bribed————————with a couple of thousand pounds, and the————have the prerogative of pardoning criminals. The murderer now cultivates his own plantation, for he suffered no other punishment.

In this same Easton, a servant maid murdered her new-born child. She threw it into the river, which was frozen over, and covered with snow. The extraordinary circumstance is related that the ice, at the spot, where the child floated, was entirely clear of snow, and transparent. The child was produced before the suspected woman, who denied it. They had recourse to superstition, and told her to lay her hand upon the child, and swear that it was not hers. Hereupon she confessed herself to be the mother and the murderess. She was sent to prison....but as the father of the child was a man of consequence, who visited her in the prison, where he probably continued his unlawful intercourse with her, she was soon released again, without punishment, and is yet living.

In the same neighbourhood, a countryman treated with the most shocking cruelty a German boy, whom he had purchased for some years from a ship. He not only beat him with a cudgel incessantly, but made the boy eat with the swine from a trough. At length one day seeing the boy sit under a hedge, he threw an ax at his head, and the boy fell dead to the ground. He buried him immediately. This fellow was put into prison, but having money, the judicial court took that from him, and left him his life....The murderer is at liberty, and in as good repute as another man†.

Such is the justice of Pennsylvania....What is told of the lawyers is in the same taste....When you go to a lawyer with your business, he scarcely hears you....he mutters; appears absent: answers in unmeaning monosyllables, until you squeeze money into his hand. This awakens him. He grows lively....obliging....tells you all will go well....you cannot possibly lose your cause, &c. In court the lawyers on both sides asperse and deride each other, but immediately after, they go to the tavern, drink together embrace like brothers, and laugh without end, at the comedy they have just performed, and at their clients, who believed such a thing to be serious. It is a principal in general practice, to bribe the lawyer of the adverse party, and thereby to gain the cause. But the great art of the lawyers is to delay the progress of the cause from one session to another, and when at length a judgment comes, the property of both parties is usually scarce sufficient to pay the costs.... Vide. the Minerva, for December 1796*.

Criminals ought not indeed, to be hanged and broken upon the wheel; but crimes ought to be somehow punished. This, the liberty of the innocent requires. One would wish besides in a republic, to see offenders punished, without any respect of rank, of wealth, of connections, &c. Frederic II. said, that in the presence of justice, the beggar and the prince were equal....But the indulgence with which in Pennsylvania, rich and influential criminals are suffered to evade punishment, seems to prove that upon this point the opinions in Pennsylvania, are more aristocratic than were those of Frederick II. I shall only quote from my letters in the Minerva, the example of———— ———— This————————was detected in the act of stealing a bank note, from a shop keeper's drawer. It was then soon discovered that he had followed for a long time this vocation. But as he had respectable connections, the shop-keeper was persuaded not to prosecute him, and he was advised to leave Philadelphia. Some however maintained that he still appeared at the play-house as before. I must here add some explanation, for the sake of unlearned persons, who may perhaps have read those letters in the Minerva, of the term prætor, therein used. The judges were called prætors in Rome, not in Amercia. However, I used in this case the particular instead of the general expression, in the hope that none of my readers would be so little versed in ancient learning as not to understand me. The judge, is a superior, the justice an inferior magistrate. It would betray extreme ignorance to confound a justice, with a village bailiff. The constables might better be compared with such an officer, if the townships could be called villages, which properly they cannot. Mr.———— ————————belonged to the class of prætors in America: he stole, had frequently stolen, and was not punished, because he had respectable connections, because———— who had appointed him to his office must not be disgraced, because, as master of ceremonies to the dancing assemblies of the first class, and as a Philadelphian Muscadin†, he was much beloved by that class.

The assassin————————was indeed, as I heard just before I left America, condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but it was maintained that his father-in-law,————————had already saved his life once, when he had prevailed on a mulatto girl, to murder a child she had by him, for which, without the influence of his father-in-law he would have been hanged.

I was also surprised at the want of publicity, in the judicial proceedings. I saw nothing in the news-papers concerning the trial of the above-mentioned———— In England nothing that occurs in the courts of law is kept secret. This silence proceeds from a want of public spirit. That there is no sufficient security against oppression by men in power is proved by the transportation of three men from New-York, in the night to an English ship of war, which was done by command of the———— The———— excused himself by saying they had been condemned to the house of correction...Yet the prosecution had not been decided when I left America. It was further laid to the charge of this ————that he had ordered persons, who had behaved rather disrespectfully towards him, to be whipped to death, and that his usual greeting to citizens of the lower class was to call them damned rascals, whenever they had any thing to do with him. The news-papers were full of all this. In Germany, no such tyranny of subordinate magistrates was ever heard of.

CHAPTER XXIX.

With respect to frauds, it is worse in America than in Europe.....Fictitious trade to deceive Europeans..... Cheats in the sale of lands.....Several anecdotes.

When I consider collectively all that I have heard during my residence in America, of a general increasing corruption of morals, and which from the unanimous testimony of all the Europeans there, and even of many Americans themselves, I have not the smallest reason to call in question, I must sincerely regret my declaration at the close of my fourteenth letter to Mr. Archenholz, that in this respect things are in America *tout comme chez nous*, and request the Europeans, to cover with the mantle of love this over-hasty opinion, and consider it as having resulted from my indulgence for the Americans. All the European nations at present complain of an unusual degree of immorality; they do not give themselves out as virtuous; whereas the Americans say of themselves that they are a people of simple manners, far exalted above the corruption of Europe: that among them still reigns the patriarchial happiness of the golden age, while Europe groans under the pressure of the iron one. European writers have believed them at their word, and the public have repeated all the errors of the writers. I thought therefore I ventured a great deal, in saying, that in respect to morals it was in America, exactly, as with us; but now, after mature consideration I say, it is worse than with us.

With respect to deception it is most certainly worse; for in Europe the laws lay more restraint upon open deceit: it must be skilfully contrived to escape their animadversion; besides this, a certain sentiment of honour keeps back the Europeans from appearing in public with brazen front, as cheats, and the public itself punishes such a transaction with such boundless contempt, as renders the life of its object very unpleasant. Not so in America. The facility which the laws there furnish, of making an advantageous bankruptcy, and then like a phœnix, rising with new commercial splendour from one's ashes, which the public does not punish with contempt, but on the contrary numbers in the class of tricks resulting from worldly wisdom, so that such a man is esteemed just as much as any other; that is, in exact proportion to the wealth he is supposed to possess; and further, the land speculations, of which there is in Europe, no conception; all this gives to swindlers there, much more room for action than in

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* Mr. Becker, now minister of the Calvinistic church at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania... He was a clergyman at Bremen, before he went to America.

† Mr. Becker, in his sermons, which deserve to be known in Germany, as they are descriptive of manners, holds up to the Americans, their corruption in very forcible language.

* I could have added here an infinite number of anecdotes more, but these as proofs of character, are enough, and more than enough,

† The pedantic Americomanes, will here remark with great self complacency, that there are no Muscadins, except in Paris....It is a real satisfaction to have such weak antagonists.

Europe. As therefore fraud, considered as a violation of the right of property is detrimental to civil liberty, and as the craving of other men's property, on account of the facilities and the numerous seductive temptations, arising from local circumstances, to become master of it, finds infinitely more subsistence in America than in our quarter of the world; it is clear that nothing stands there in the way to prevent the full enjoyment of such a liberty, so much as fraud, or swindling. I do not mean that all the Americans are swindlers; Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of such madness! There are honest men in all countries: I know among the Americans some of that description, and a state where no remnant of virtue should subsist must perish....No....I only say, that in America the enjoyment of civil liberty and happiness is prevented by nothing so much as by a miserable swindling or cheating; and as in Europe the dæmon of ambition keeps us in chains, so the rights of citizens are violated in America by the satan of fraud.

What possible deception is there, which the French fugitives do not charge upon the Americans in whom they have trusted? They affirm that the American masters of vessels gave the pirates of Bermuda, secret information, in what part of their ships they had concealed their most precious effects, so that the privateersmen found them immediately, and then shared the plunder with the Americans. I cannot however examine into the truth of this accusation. But the difficulty which European merchants meet with to recover their debts in America is notorious. The vain boasting of American commercial houses*, and their enormous commissions are very well known. That trade flourishes notwithstanding this, must be imputed to extraordinary external circumstances, and principally to the war; besides which, it would be found upon close examination, that the principal commercial houses are Europeans, so that it may generally be adopted as a rule, that a foreigner will do better in America, by transacting business only with Europeans, than with Americans. The frauds of the land speculators are well known; especially as there is in Germany no scarcity of sufferers by such deceptions. It is amply proved that naked rocks are sold for good land, and false maps of them exhibited to foreigners. The Indians are shamefully cheated out of their lands; for they are first made drunk, and then their lands are bought of them. As soon as they become sober, the Indians repent their bad bargain, and hence arise most of the wars, though they are likewise often provoked to hostilities by the murders committed by the people dwelling on their borders. In Georgia the land of the Choctaw Indians used to be sold even without their consent, until the legislature of the state put an end to this scandal, whereby a most deadly hatred between the sellers of property belonging to others, and their adversaries, was kindled, which occasioned assassinations, and had very nearly kindled a civil war. In Baltimore, there were a great number of fictitious sales made between the owners of house lots, which raised them to an enormous price: the chief object of this was, to overreach Europeans, who were unacquainted with their real value. Such fictitious sales, for the same laudable purpose are doubtless very frequent. A friend of mine, of Vienna, by the name of Joubert, went with a cargo of Modena brandy from Leghorn to Philadelphia; unfortunately the brandy was in bottles, and shortly before his arrival congress had declared all brandy that should be imported in bottles, liable to confiscation. Mr. Joubert went from Savannah, where he had arrived with his brandy, and where it was immediately confiscated, to Philadelphia, presented a petition to congress, in which he proved, that it was impossible for him to have known at Leghorn the law, which had been made shortly before his arrival, and prayed for permission to carry away his brandy again. The congress referred him to the judges, in Savannah. Joubert returned to that place; the judges had already drank up his brandy, and my friend was ruined.

I have had above, occasion to mention that the speculator————and————————reciprocally revile each other in the news-papers, because the latter maintains that the former owes him eleven hundred thousand dollars, which the former denies. Count————had a bill of exchange upon————the colossal American land trader; ————persuaded him to take instead of the bill, a note of hand; but afterwards when the note fell due, he would not pay it. Count————then wrote to Europe to the drawer of the bill, Mr. Parish, at Hamburg, who gave orders to other houses in Philadelphia to pay the bill, if————would not or could not pay it. Hereupon,————at length was induced————to pay the principal and interest to————after he had been obliged to wait more than a year.

Mr.————who is above named, now and then refuses to make payments, even when able to make them. The Americans, who entertain a servile respect for their reputed rich speculators, after receiving a refusal, withdraw with a profound obeisance from this gentleman's anti-chamber; but an European emigrant from St. Domingo, who had intrusted the remnant which he had saved of his property, to————because he had been told that————employed the money of other persons, and gave a good interest for it, forced himself with a pair of loaded pistols into the cabinet of the speculator, put one of them to his ribs, and asked him in an earnest tone, whether he chose to make instant payment, or to be shot? ————in a fright called to a servant, and ordered him to go to————and say Mr. ————requested him to send him immediately ten thousand dollars....The mouth of the pistol, which was ready cocked, remained all the while close at————side. The ten thousand dollars came, and were paid. And when all was over, Mr.————exclaimed "to what a danger you exposed yourself!" the Frenchman answered, "and you exposed yourself to the danger of being shot! and if every man whom you do not pay, were to treat you as I have done, you would soon be a man of honour." ————however, supports many poor people, and exerts himself to be useful to the public, by endeavouring to set on foot, manufactures, such for instance as a glass house, not far from Philadelphia. He listens to every projector, and generally maintains about half a dozen of them. He had also some connection with the celebrated count Benjowsky....He was a schoolmaster....His genius for speculation brought him to his elevation.

LEVITY.

[A finer specimen of the most facetious irony can scarcely be found, than this mock criticism.]

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Res gestæ regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possint numero, monstravit Homerus. Hor.

By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,
In Epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings. Fran.

There are certain forms and etiquettes in life, which, though the neglect of them does not amount to the commission of a crime, or the violation of a duty, yet so established by example, and sanctioned by custom, as to pass into statutes, equally acknowledged by society, and almost equally binding to individuals, with the laws of the land, or the precepts of morality. A man guilty of breaking these, though he cannot be transported for a felon, or indicted for treasonable practices, is yet, in the high court of custom, branded as a flagrant offender against decorum, as notorious for an unprecedented infringement on propriety.

There is no race of men on whom these laws are more severe than authors; and no species of authors more subject to them, than Periodical Essayists. Homer having prescribed the form, or, to use a more modern praise, *set the fashion* of *Epic Poems*, whoever presumes to deviate from his plan, must not hope to participate his dignity: and whatever method, *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, and others, who first adopted this species of writing, have pursued in their undertaking, is set down as a rule for the conduct of their followers; which, whoever is bold enough to transgress, is accused of a deviation from the original design, and a breach of established regulation.

It has hitherto been customary for all periodical writers, to take some opportunity, in the course of their labours, to display their critical abilities, either by making observations on some popular author, and work of known character, or by bringing forth the performances of hidden merit, and throwing light on genius in obscurity. To the critiques of *The Spectator*, *Shakespeare*, and more particularly, *Milton*, are indebted, for no inconsiderable share of the reputation, which they now so universally enjoy; and by his means were the ruder graces, and more simple beauty of *Chevy Chace* held up to public view, and recommended to general admiration.

I should probably be accused of swerving from the imitation of so great an example, were not I to take occasion to shew that I too am not entirely destitute of abilities of this kind; but that by possessing a decent share of critical discernment, and critical jargon, I am capable of becoming a very tolerable commentator. For the proof of which, I shall rather prefer calling the attention of my readers to an object, as yet untreated of by any of my immediate predecessors, than venture to throw in my observations on any work which has before passed the ordeal of frequent examination. And this I shall do for two reasons; partly, because were I to choose a field, how fertile soever, of which many others had before me been reaping the fruits, mine would be at best but the gleanings of criticism; and partly, from a more interested view, from a selfish desire of accumulated praise; since, by making a work, as yet almost wholly unknown, the subject of my consideration, I shall acquire the reputation of taste, as well as judgment;....of judiciousness in selection, as well as justness in observation;....of propriety in choosing the object, as well as skill in using the language, of commentary.

The *Epic Poem* on which I shall ground my present critique, has for its chief characteristics, brevity and simplicity. The author,.....whose name I lament that I am, in some degree, prevented from consecrating to immortal fame, by not knowing what it is....the author, I say, has not branched his poem into excressences of episode, or prolixities of digression; it is neither variegated with diversity of unmeaning similitudes, nor glaring with the varnish of unnatural metaphor. The whole is plain and uniform; so much so indeed, that I should hardly be surprised if some morose readers were to conjecture, that the poet had been thus simple rather from necessity than choice; that he had been restrained not so much by chastity of judgment, as sterility of imagination.

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* The adventures of the merchant, Delius, in America, furnish the best proof of this: to the great mortification of the Americomanes who will foam with rage, that they make their appearance, nearly about the same time with my book, and may thus probably lead the public to conclude that they, the Americomanes lie, and that Delius and myself speak the truth,

Nay, some there may be perhaps, who will dispute his claim to the title of an *Epic Poet;* and will endeavour to degrade him even to the rank of a ballad-monger. But I, as his commentator, will contend for the dignity of my author and will plainly demonstrate his poem to be an *Epic Poem.* agreeable to the example of all poets, and the consent of all critics heretofore.

First, it is universally agreed, that an *Epic Poem* should have three component parts; *a beginning, a middle,* and an *end;*....secondly, it is allowed, that it should have one *grand action,* or *main design,* to the forwarding of which, all the parts of it should directly or indirectly tend; and that this design should be in some measure consonant with, and conducive to, the purposes of *morality;*....and thirdly, it is indisputably settled, that it should have *a Hero.* I trust that in none of these points the poem before us will be found deficient. There are other inferior properties, which I shall consider in due order.

Not to keep my readers longer in suspence, the subject of the poem is "*The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts.*" It is not improbable, that some may object to me that a *Knave* is an unworthy Hero of an Epic Poem; that a hero ought to be all that is great and good. The objection is frivolous. The greatest work of this kind that the world has ever produced, has *The* "*Devil*" for its Hero: and supported as my author is by so great a precedent, I contend that his Hero is a very decent Hero; and especially as he has the advantage of *Milton's,* by reforming at the end, is evidently entitled to a competent share of celebrity.

I shall now proceed to the more immediate examination of the poem in its different parts. The beginning, say the critics, ought to be plain and simple; neither embellished with the flowers of poetry: nor turgid with pomposity of diction. In this how exactly does our author conform to the established opinion! he begins thus,

"The queen of Hearts
"She made some Tarts"....

Can any thing be more clear! more natural! more agreeable to the true spirit of simplicity! Here are no tropes,....no figurative expressions,....not even so much as an invocation to the muse. He does not detain his readers by any needless circumlocution; by unnecessarily informing them, what he is going to sing; or still more unnecessarily enumerating what he is not going to sing: but according to the precepts of Horace,

.....,.....in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit,.....

That is, he at once introduces us, and sets us on the most easy and familiar footing imaginable, with her Majesty of Hearts, and interests us deeply in her domestic concerns. But to proceed,

"The Queen of Hearts
"She made some Tarts,
"All on a summer's day."

Here indeed the prospect brightens, and we are led to expect some liveliness of imagery, some warmth of poetical colouring;.... but here is no such thing.....There is no task more difficult to a poet, than that of *Rejection. Ovid,* among the ancients, and *Dryden,* among the moderns, were perhaps the most remarkable for the want of it. The latter from the haste in which he generally produced his compositions, seldom paid much attention to the "*limæ labor,*" "the labour of correction," and seldom therefore rejected the assistance of any idea that presented itself. *Ovid,* not content with catching the leading features of any scene or character indulged himself in a thousand minutæ of description, a thousand puerile prettinesses, which were in themselves uninteresting, and took off greatly from the effect of the whole; as the numberless suckers, and straggling branches of a fruit-tree, if permitted to shoot out unrestrained, while they are themselves barren and useless, diminish considerably the vigour of the parent stock. *Ovid* had more genius, but less judgment than *Virgil; Dryden* more imagination, but less correctness than *Pope;* had they not been deficient in these points, the former would certainly have equalled, the latter infinitely outshone the merits of his countryman.....*Our Author* was undoubtedly possessed of that power which they wanted; and was cautious not to indulge too far the sallies of a lively imagination. Omitting therefore any mention of....sultry Sirius,....silvan shade,....sequestered glade,....verdant hills,....purling rills,.....mossy mountains,.....gurgling fountains,.... &c. &c.....he simply tells us that it was "*All on a Summer's Day.*" For my own part, I confess that I find myself rather flattered than disappointed; and consider the poet as rather paying a compliment to the abilities of his readers, than baulking their expectations. It is certainly a great pleasure to see a picture well painted; but it is a much greater to paint it well oneself. This therefore I look upon as a stroke of excellent management in the poet. Here every reader is at liberty to gratify his own taste; to design for himself just what sort of "*Summer's Day*" he likes best; to choose his own scenery; dispose his lights and shades as he pleases; to solace himself with a rivulet, or a horse-pond,....a shower, or a sun-beam, ...a grove, or a kitchen garden, according to his fancy. How much more considerate this, than if the poet had, from an affected accuracy of description, thrown us into an unmannerly perspiration by the heat of the atmosphere; forced us into a landscape of his own planning, with perhaps a paltry good-for-nothing zephyr or two, and a limited quantity of wood and water....All this *Ovid* would undoubtedly have done. Nay, to use the expression of a learned brother-commentator, "*quovis pignore decertem*" "I would lay any wager," that he would have gone so far as to tell us what the tarts were made of; and perhaps wandered into an episode on the art of preserving cherries. But *our poet,* above such considerations, leaves every reader to choose his own ingredients, and sweeten them to his own liking; wisely foreseeing, no doubt, that the more palatable each had rendered them to his own taste, the more he would be affected at their approaching loss.

"All on a Summer's Day."

I cannot leave this line without remarking, that one of the *Scribleri,* a descendant of the famous *Martinus,* has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of "*All on*" reading "*Alone,*" alledging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But *Hiccius Doctius,* a High Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of *Scriblerus.* In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated *Johannes Pastor**, entitled "*An Elegiac epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate,*" wherein the gentleman declares, that rather indeed in compliance with an old custom, than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going

.. .." All hanged for to be
"Upon that fatal Tyburn tree."....

Now as nothing throws greater light on an author, than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of *Hiccius'* opinion, and to consider the "*All*" as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it "*elegans expletivum.*" The passage, therefore must stand thus,

"The Queen of Hearts
"She made some tarts
"All on a Summers Day."

* More commonly known, I believe, by the appellation of Jack Shepherd.

And thus ends the first part, or *beginning;* which is simple and unembellished; opens the subject in a natural and easy manner; excites, but does not too far gratify our curiosity: for a reader of accurate observation may easily discover, that the *Hero* of the Poem has not, as yet, made his appearance.

I could not continue my examination at present through the whole of this poem, without far exceeding the limits of a single paper. I have therefore divided it into two; but shall not delay the publication of the second to another week,.... as that, besides breaking the connection of criticism, would materially injure the *unities* of the Poem.

.....Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
HORACE.

From his first entrance, to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.
FRANCIS.

Having thus gone through the first part, or beginning of the poem, we may naturally enough, proceed to the consideration of the second.

The second part, or middle, is the proper place for bustle and busines; for incident and adventure.

"The Knave of Hearts
"He stole those tarts."

Here attention is awakened; and our whole souls are intent upon the first appearance of the Hero. Some readers may perhaps be offended at his making his *entre* in so disadvantageous a character as that of a thief. To this I plead precedent.

The Hero of the Iliad, as I observed in a former paper, is made to lament very pathetically, ...that "life is not like all other possessions, to "be acquired by theft."....A reflection, in my opinion, evidently shewing, that, if he did refrain from the practice of this ingenious art, it was not from want of an inclination that way. We may remember too, that in Virgil's poem, almost the first light in which the pious Æneas appears to us, is a *deer-stealer;* nor is it much excuse for him, that the deer were wandering without keepers; for however he might, from this circumstance, have been unable to ascertain whose property they were; he might, I think, have been pretty well assured that they were not his.

Having thus acquitted our Hero of misconduct, by the example of his betters I proceed to what I think the master-stroke of the poet.

"The Knave of Hearts
"He stole those Tarts,
"And....took them... quite away!!"

Here, whoever has an ear for harmony, and a heart for feeling, must be touched! There is a desponding melancholy in the run of the last line! an air of tender regret in the addition of "*quite away!*" a something so expresssive of irrecoverable loss! so forcibly intimating the "*Ah nunquam reditura!*" "They never can return!" in short, such an union of sound and sense, as we rarely, if ever meet with in any author, ancient or modern. Our feelings are all alive....but the poet, wisely dreading that our sympathy with the injured Queen might alienate our affections from his hero, contrives immediately to awaken our fears for him, by telling us, that

"The King of Hearts
"Call'd for those Tarts,"....

We are all conscious of the fault of our hero, and all tremble with him, for the punishment which the enraged monarch may inflict;

"And beat the Knave.... .full sore!"

The fatal blow is struck! We cannot but rejoice that guilt is justly punished, though we sympathize with the guilty object of punishment. Here *Scriblerus,* who, by the bye, is very fond of making unnecessary alterations, proposes reading "*Score* instead of "*sore*" meaning thereby to

particularize, that the beating bestowed by this monarch, consisted of twenty stripes. But this proceeds from his ignorance of the genius of our language; which does not admit of such an expression as "full score," but would require the insertion of the particle "*a*," which cannot be, on account of the metre. And this is another great artifice of the poet: by leaving the quantity of beating indeterminate, he gives every reader the liberty to administer it, in exact proportion to the sum of indignation which he may have conceived against his hero; that by thus amply satisfying their resentment, they may be the more easily reconciled to him afterwards.

"The King of Hearts
"Call'd for those Tarts,
"And beat the Knave full sore!"

Here ends the second part, or middle of the poem; in which we see the character, and exploits of the hero, pourtrayed with the hand of a master.

Nothing now remains to be examined, but the third part, or end. In the end, it is a rule pretty well established that the work should draw towards a conclusion, which our author manages thus.

"The Knave of Hearts
"Brought back those Tarts."

Here every thing is at length settled; the theft is compensated; the tarts restored to their right owner; and *Poètical Justice*, in every respect, strictly, and impartially administered.

We may observe, that there is nothing in which our poet has better succeeded, than in keeping up an unremitted attention in his readers to the main instruments, the machinery of his poem, viz. The Tarts; insomuch, that the aforementioned *Scriblerus* has sagely observed, that "he can't tell, but he doesn't know, but the tarts "may be reckoned the heroes of the poem." *Scriblerus*, though a man of learning, and frequently right in his opinion, has here certainly hazarded a rash conjecture. His arguments are overthrown entirely by his great opponent, *Hiccius*, who concludes, by triumphantly asking, "Had the tarts been eaten, how could the poet "have compensated for the loss of his heroes?"

We are now come to the *denouement*, the setting all to rights: and our poet, in the management of his moral, is certainly superior to his great ancient predecessors. The moral of their fables, if any they have, is so interwoven with the main body of their work, that in endeavouring to unravel it, we should tear the whole. Our author has very properly preserved his whole and entire for the end of his poem, where he compleats his main design, the reformation of his hero, thus,

'And vow'd he'd steal no more.'

Having in the course of his work, shewn the bad effects arising from theft, he evidently means this last moral reflection, to operate with his readers as a gentle and polite dissuasive from stealing.

"The Knave of Hearts
"Brought back those Tarts,
"And vow'd he'd steal no more!"

Thus have I industriously gone through the several parts of this wonderful work; and clearly proved it, in every one of these parts, and in all of them together, to be a due and proper Epic Poem; and to have as good a right to that title, from its adherence to prescribed rules, as any of the celebrated master-pieces of antiquity. And here I cannot help again lamenting, that, by not knowing the name of the author, I am unable to twine our laurels together; and to transmit to posterity the mingled praises of genius, and judgment: of the poet, and his commentator.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(FROM LITERARY LEISURE.)

I presume it is in literature, as in all other modes of amusement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life, the important personages who represent the kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on those petty actors who personate servants and messengers; while he, whose most exalted business is to deliver a letter with a respectful bow, despises most cordially the whole gang of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers.

In other departments of life the same gradations prevail as amongst "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."....A merchant, whose vessels are forwarded to their destined ports by every wind that blows, who sees on his table the produce of the Eastern and Western Indies, and who can jocosely boast of his farms in either hemisphere, casts a supercilious eye on the industrious trader, who subsists by retailing these valuable commodities:....he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by those petty dealers who preside over a chandler's shop; while the chandler's shop-keeper contemns the travelling pedlar, whose whole possessions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one universal chain of subordination pervades the whole of society, and the connecting links are not more easily distinguishable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Isaac Newton, than in every particular class and order into which the human species is reducible. Authors, no doubt, preserve the same proportionable distinctions; and the important compiler of a folio scoffs at the witling, whose labours can be comprised in an octavo or duodecimo; while he, who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however small, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiors. Thus even a diurnal or weekly essayist may fancy himself superior to the nurseling of the muses, who ventures an occasional sonnet into a Magazine, or who sends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newspaper.

There is, however, a class of writers, for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate station ....men who occasionally display in small compositions, every talent requisite to adorn the sublimest....who are capable of involving an apparently clear subject in metaphorical obscurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry....some who, in the compass of twelve or fourteen lines, display a copious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language;....others who, satisfied with the intrinsic merit of the subject of their labours, content themselves with displaying its utility in specific terms of elegant and affecting simplicity. I have myself bestowed infinite attention on the compositions of this class of authors. To describe half the merits I have discovered in them, would fill a folio of no common size. Let not, therefore, these my worthy brethren suppose, that because my essays, small as they are, are more bulky than their's, I rashly imagine myself their superior. No! no! I am too good a judge of intellectual merit....I know wit is not to be appreciated by weight or bulk; and there is often more talent displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to rescue this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill; ....and though I may not enumerate many of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not those who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness to their merits, but rather let them with me, candidly lament the narrow limits of my paper, which will not allow of my extending my commendations.

In those diurnal repositories of intelligence, politics, wit, scandal, and erudition, which form the delight of a true-born Englishman, which give the highest zest to his morning meal, and enable him to decide on the character of his mind for the ensuing day, by the account they give of the complexion of public affairs, there is usually a certain number of columns set apart for the valuable essays I allude to, which are, in general, perused only by a set of readers who look less for the wit, humour, sarcasm, or learning, than for the solid information they contain. Nay, it is often uttered as a reproach to a pains-taking reader of a newspaper, that he studied every advertisement in it. Henceforth beware, ye shallow critics, how ye dart the arrows of ridicule at a study of so much importance. The advertisements! do they not contain the most interesting intelligence of the whole paper? May not every man and every woman find means to satisfy every want, every wish they may form and many they would never otherwise have thought of forming, if they will but peruse the advertisements? Are not bachelors there invited to the possession of most admirable wives? Are not spinsters courted to accept of unobjectionable men for husbands? Are not the peculiar qualifications requisite for a friend most accurately described in one of them, by a profound philosopher, who would not trust his own judgment in the selection of so important an acquisition, but who, making known to mankind at large the peculiar temper and qualities which would secure his friendship, waited with exemplary patience till the man whom the cap fitted, came, and sought the invaluable treasure. I doubt not but this admirable plan met with the desired success, and was amply rewarded. I have not been able to discover whether the advertiser was recompensed for his exertions; but by the cessation of the advertisement, after having for some time courted the attention of the public by the word *friendship* in large letters, I presume it was at length crowned with fruition.

I think I recollect but one instance in well-attested history, of any thing similar to this laudable attempt; and in that instance the event was equal to the merit of the means. I allude to the wise method taken by the king's son; of chusing for his wife that lady whose foot would go into the little glass slipper of which he was enamoured. No doubt the proclamation, by which he invited all the females of his dominions to try to obtain the crown by submitting to the appointed test, must have been worded like the advertisement I have pointed at. I am sorry I have not a copy of it at hand, that I might present my readers with a specimen of so useful a composition. But there are others with which I can gratify their curiosity; one in particular, which ought to be more universally circulated than any common newspaper can be capable of doing: and I trust these lucubrations of mine will give to the author that celebrity he so justly deserves.

The piece I am going to lay before my readers is, I will just premise, founded on the most philanthropical and patriotical principles; and I have ever observed that those two admirable qualities, when genuine, do ever go hand in hand, and are the usual concomitants of distinguished talents and deep research. But I will expatiate no longer, but instantly proceed to the advertisement itself.

SAFE WALKING IN FROSTY WEATHER.

"In consequence of many accidents that have happened, by persons falling in walking in frosty weather, J. Cooke, of Exeter, saddler, has studied a safe remedy, by reviving and improving the American creeper, to be applied underneath ladies' or gentlemen's shoes with a buckle and strap....

The creeper has two branches of iron to catch, and prevent entire sliding: they have been tried by ladies and gentlemen who have walked miles at ease with them, and they are recommended by the faculty. The price is only 2s. 6d. a pair....nothing adequate to the expense of a broken leg!.... and as the thermometer stands low, the frosty weather may continue....Should his majesty's troops want them, they shall be rendered at 1s. 6d. a pair to them.

"N. B. As J. Cooke makes his business his study, he can employ his workmen in the slackest season by some invention of improvement for the public good. Any article for the spring, summer, autumn, or winter, can be had at his shop as modern as at any saddler's in London, as he deals with the very same loriners, curriers, and saddle-tree-makers as they do; and if the same oil is afforded, his lamp can burn as well as their's.... He intends sending their majesties and the royal family these creepers, and, not forgetting the salvation of this kingdom, to the right honourable prime minister, to support him in all weathers.... as his ways and means are just."

Not the most superficial reader can peruse the foregoing composition, without being struck with the various good and benevolent qualities of the heart displayed by J. Cooke; his general philanthropy and attention to the good of the public, awakened by witnessing many melancholy accidents occasioned by walking in frosty weather. He could not hope so to reform mankind as to confine them to their houses during the continuance of the frost, particularly, as it appeared, from the state of the thermometer, likely to endure a considerable time; he therefore humanely studied for a safe remedy, and appears, so great is the force of example, to have communicated the fervour of his benevolent zeal even to the faculty.

Inimical to their interests as must have been the recommendation of these American creepers, they have laudably conspired with J. Cook to induce the public to adopt them; for I cannot, in this instance, submit to the opinion of Aunt Priscilla, that this apparent candour of the faculty is, in fact, no commendation at all of this invention of J. Cooke's, since she cannot suppose that any set of men can be so liberal as to advise the adoption of methods which would effectully deprive them of so beneficial a branch of practice, as arises from fractured limbs and broken sculls, occasioned by falling in frosty weather.

The force of argument with which Mr. Cooke recommends his creepers, is at once clear to every comprehension, and demonstrated with mathematical precision. The inadequacy of the expense attending the first purchase of these useful articles, to that arising from a broken leg, the merest tyro in arithmetic can calculate. The loyalty and public spirit he evinces in sending them to the royal family and to the right honourable prime minister, can never be too warmly extolled; but it now remains for me to praise the language and style of this small composition. It is a perfect example of the middle style, not rising to the ponderous sublimity of Johnson, nor sinking into the familiar vulgarity which debases many modern writings; not disdaining the aid of metaphor to illustrate and adorn his subject, yet not fetching such ornament from any obscure or distant topics; but, as his essay was intended to meet the eye, and speak to the understanding of his countrymen of all descriptions, adopting the domestic, yet expressive allusion to a lamp.

Nor does Mr. Cooke, with the false modesty of many modern writers, fastidiously conceal his acquaintance with that book, to deserve whose expressions is the highest of all praise. I cannot indeed but approve of the propriety with which he applies to the prime minister, one of the few phrases from that book, which can with any justice be used in a public sense; but, happily, this is the concluding sentence of Mr. Cooks's advertisement. He felt, no doubt, with the nice discrimination of an author, that he could rise no higher in the scale of sublimity, and he had the judgment to avoid an anti-climax.

To one other performance of this kind I beg next to call the attention of my readers; though, from the singular modesty with which it is introduced, it scarcely arrests the eye in the same manner as more splendid advertisements. It does, however, sufficiently partake of their nature to be pronounced to belong to that class of writings; and I shall not scruple to declare it one of their brightest specimens, though simply called

A HINT.

"Any person nicely sensible, irritable, hypochondrical, hysterical;....or who, again, is dyspeptic, hepatical, splenetic, gouty, paralytic, rheumatic, of an evil habit of body, scorbutic, asthmatic, dropsical, corpulent, bloated, yellow, flabby,.....or otherwise, thin, dry, and rigid; who (harassed with spasms, cramps, wind, hickups, belchings, acidity, distracting dreams, depressing thoughts, and sleepless nights) is uneasy, anxious, low, wandering, dissatisfied; who without being able to present an adequate cause or reason, fears fever of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who, thence, dreads to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmost confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) case, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, surgeon and apothecary, at Reigate, Surrey, for advice, and *(Deo lubente et juvante)* relief. Letters may be sent, post free....See Mr. Rymer's tract, price 1s. upon indigestion, hypochondriacism, gout, &c. sold by Evans, Paternoster-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-street; and No. 63, Bishopsgate-street within; where may be had, by the same author, 'Physiological Conjectures relative to certain Functions of the Animal Economy,' price one shilling."

All compositions, of whatever size and extent, usually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteristic. As that of Mr. Cooke's advertisement was philanthropy and patriotism, no one can hesitate in pronouncing this to bear the stamp of peculiar modesty. I own I am myself more immediately struck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the singular humility of Mr. Rymer's address, than with his unequalled display of erudition.

In the first place, not to dwell on the delicacy with which he contents himself to hint to his countrymen the service he may do them, rather than to compel their attention by those traps so easily seen through, how guarded is the tenor of his expressions! The afflicted may apply to him for advice, and....for relief; they may apply, but he makes no pompous promises of acquiescence. He does not even boast of his talents. He also kindly permits those who are willing to become his patients, to send their letters post-free; and for the certainty of this privilege, refers them to his "Tract on Indigestion, Hypochondriacism, &c." He does not even tell them that the above-mentioned Tract will confirm their opinion of his medical knowledge....he merely introduces the mention of it, to prove that letters may be sent post-free.

The title of his other Tract is another instance of his singular modesty. He calls it "Physiological Conjectures." This is indeed candour. Many modern infidels have endeavoured to decry the system of medicine for its pretended infallibility. Mr. Rymer here overturns that opposition from its foundation, by styling his opinions *conjectures*; but charmed as I am with the author's modesty, candour, and docility, I must not omit to notice the blaze of erudition with which he dazzles his readers. The catalogue of diseases is so learnedly written, that it cannot but enchant the sapient, and astonish the unknowing. The elegant conciseness and laconic energy of the diction are wonderful, and prove his intimate acquaintance with his own language, while his quotations sufficiently evince his familiarity with the Latin. Of Greek he avoided making any display....he is not a man to affect parade. I cannot forbear remarking that he has, through the whole of this most perfect little essay, made the most uncommon selection of well-adapted terms. He has also judiciously classed and divided his disorders, and heightened the effect of his diction by the use of contrast. He has most accurately and impressively described the alarming and uneasy symptoms which afflict so many patients, who are ill without being "able to present an adequate cause or reason;" and has furnished them with specific expressions, by which, hereafter, they may more fully state what it is they fear.

If any ill-natured critic should observe, that he ought not to have used Latin words for this purpose, since many honest English patients may by this means be prevented from understanding their own alarms, I can only say that I doubt not but Mr. Rymer had good reason for what he did; and I would advise him to adopt the well-known answer of the philosopher to the man who inquired what he had got hidden under his cloak...."I carry it there," replied the sage, "that you may not know!"

—

THE FARRAGO.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

His secura quies, et nescia fallere vita
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

VIRG. GEORGICORUM, LIB. II.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturbed with noise
THE COUNTRY KING, his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads and streams, that through the valley glide;
And shady groves, that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night,

DRYDEN.

Here peace is thine, and life, that knows no change,
And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade.

SOTHEBY.

The courtly reader of these essays, will readily acknowledge, that they have not.....*a town air*. Sequestered in a hamlet from "the busy hum of men," and knowing but little of the world, except from the map over my chimney, I allude chiefly to rural events, and the scenes of my speculations are naturally laid in the country. This is a formidable objection to the Farrago, among those "in populous city pent," who can relish no description so well as of streets and alleys. I sometimes regret for the sake of modish readers, that I have receded so far from the sea-shore as to be incapable of narrating the vicissitudes of fashion, the length of a shoe-string, or breadth of a bonnet. But the good natured will attribute my silence on these momentous topics no less to my situation, than to my choice. It is natural for a hermit to talk much of his cell, and for the water drinker, who, in the words of Waller....

Rarely has the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,

to harrangue in praise of brooks, and to deplore the mischief of wine. Instead of the rustling of silks, my rustical ears hear only the rustling of leaves, and the distant waterfall. A robin, whistling under my window, wake sme at the dawn, instead of a serenade from the theatrical band; and at the twilight hour, while city beaux are hurrying to hear the Syrens at a concert "utter dulcet breath," the uniform moan of the night-raven composes my solitary music.

* Written originally in the country, but never before published.

One evening, last week, conformably to my usual custom, I drew my lamp to my bedside, and read, with rapture, that inimitable ode of Horace, in which he so poetically paints the landscape of Italy, and the innoxious pleasures of the rural life. I slept and dreamed of Arcadia. My social robin carolled at the dawn. I rose and read Rousseau. There is so much of the enthusiasm of genius, in all the works of the citizen of Geneva, that his volumes are seldom closed, till the tremor of my nerves becomes insupportable. His eloquent letter in Eloisa, descriptive of his enchanting country, on the banks of the lake of Lausanne, I continued to peruse, till the sun, firing the tops of some old oaks in front of my window, warned me to walk before his beams should become oppressive. With spirits, light as air, I ascended the mountain, that overbangs the village in which I reside, and leaning against a rock, whose side had been chizzled by time, and fashioned into a fantastic chair, I contemplated the magic of Nature. The prospect comprised all, which constitutes the perfection of landscape. Wood and water, broken and cultivated surface, "hills umbered by shade, and vallies gleaming with the sun." The spiral smoke rising from the peasants' chimneys, the river of Connecticut winding slowly to the ocean, the slender birches on the adverse bank, surveying their fair forms reflected in the water, and the whole country, in the bold phrase of Thomson, "unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn," formed a scene, of which those who breathe the polluted air of cities have no conception.

While busied in these rural contemplations, I had forgotten that the coffee, prepared by my maid DORCAS, was probably cold, as the usual breakfast hour had glided away. I, therefore, searched around for some cottage, where my solitary six-pence would purchase a bowl of milk, and a seat at the door. After walking over an acre or two of compacted brakes, which, in Fancy's eye, appeared ranged in battalia, to oppose me, a winding path, fringed on each side by a strip of vivid green sward, conducted me to "a low roofed peasant's nest." A couple of flaxen headed little boys run rapidly to the door, and I had approached so near, that I could distinctly hear them warn their father of a strange gentleman's approach, who, in their simple phrase, "*looked a little crazy.*" The proprietor of the rural tenement, at whose entrance I stood, advanced to meet and welcome me. He was an old man. His rough hand, which grasped mine, had held the plough for fifty summers, and there was a warmth in the cordial shake, which ensued, worth more than all the ceremonious civility of those, who hold....a fan. I "sat in the sun, at his door," and heard the narrative of the farmer's life. From habit, as well as principle, agriculture was his profession. "The day," continued the honest ploughman, "that I was twenty-one, I married that little, brown woman, whom you see yonder, spinning in the shade, and settled in a hut, on this mountain. I remember the parson of the parish once said, in a sermon, that every man should be the builder of his own fortune. My only implements have been the ax and the plough; so you must not wonder, young gentleman, at the lowliness of my dwelling. When I went out to my first day's work, I remember, that, I slept more soundly, under an old log, which partly sheltered me from the night dew, than ever you could, on down. For I see, by the paleness of your cheeks, and the languor of your air, that you are wasted by cares, which consume, and that, amidst the blandishments of cities, and the roses of the feast, you have chased the fairies of pleasure, and drank wine, instead of milk. But, on these hills, Health and Husbandry are joint tenants with me and mine. I labour through the week, and independency crowns my toil. On Sundays, I read a few books, which a brother, who died at college, bequeathed me; and in one of them, which, it seems, was composed many years ago, in old Rome, I learn, that, even the misers of those days would gladly exchange their gold and care, for such a hut, as mine. You see, continued he, leading me to a gushing spring, that *my wine* flows from nature's press, pure as the air we breathe. Half the dishes I taste, are filled from the beds in that garden, and, in the words of the farmer's ditty, "my ploughing, my sowing, my reaping and mowing," are the *spice* by which those dishes are seasoned.

To this simple narrative I listened with rapture, and wished that false philosophy had never induced me to barter sylvan for city cares. After cordially thanking the aged peasant for his hospitality, and repeating that, when I could extricate myself from the chains of care, I would again repose myself in his hermitage, and hear lessons from its benignant proprietor, the sun growing fiery, I wiped the dew from my forehead, and a tear of regret from my cheek, and pensively quitted the mountain.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Nothing is more common than the disappointment felt and expressed by those, who are eager to be introduced to an *Author*. Expectation having been highly raised, it is almost certain it will be mocked. He, whose writings have pleased, disgusts us by his talk, and men are astonished to find him, who is so correct in his pages, so careless in his life. The admirer of a fine stile is vexed that an author should descend to common topics and the ordinary phrase. The moralist grieves that any thing issues from the author's mouth but the proverbs of Solomon. Some are chagrined that he is sullen, and others are offended by his loquacity. The ladies do not find him so handsome as was expected, and the coxcombs discover that he is unfashionably dressed! On the difference between an author's talents in his closet and in company, let us hear a sensible writer.

I have seen men remarkably lively and well informed in conversation appear to great disadvantage on committing their thoughts to paper; and others who write learnedly, elegantly, politely, and acutely, so dull and apparently so weak in conversation, as to be considered as unpleasant and uninstructive companions. I have observed this so often, as to be led to think, what may appear paradoxical, that a genius for writing and a genius for talking are different in their nature.

It appears to me that superficial men talk most fluently, and, in mixed companies, most agreeably. They are usually gay and cheerful, for their spirits are not exhausted by deep thought, nor drawn from things before them by absence. But gaiety and cheerfulness give them, in the convivial hour, a grace which the profound scholar, who utters his thoughts with gravity and hesitation can seldom display.

A man of a superficial mind and little genius has no diffidence arising from those delicacies and sensibilities, which often cruelly distress men of real ability. What he thinks, or has read, or heard he utters with the confidence of an oracle: ignorant of objections, and fearless of mistake. His confidence gives him credit. The company is always disposed to listen with attention when any man speaks with the assurance of undoubting conviction. Attention gives him additional spirits, and he begins to claim the greatest share of conversation as his right, and at length, overpowers with volubility and emphasis the silent or gentle diffidence of modest merit.

Ignorant and superficial admirers finding a voluble speaker just calculated for the meridian of their understandings are highly delighted with him as a companion, and cry him up as a prodigy of parts and abilities.

Their voices uniting in his favour, procure him, perhaps, some professional, or official employment, in which composition may be necessary. He writes; and the wonder is no more. How are the mighty fallen! *Quantum mutatus!*

Applauded by a few, he ventures to publish. A fatal venture! For he, who appeared in conversation a giant, becomes, when approached in the closet, a pigmy or a Lilliputian.

I wish to prevent the hasty formation of the idea of a man's intellectual talents or genius solely from his pleasantness or vivacity as a companion. Constant experience proves it to be a fallacious criterion. Men of great thoughts, solid judgment, and well digested learning are able indeed to speak to *great advantage* on *great occasions;* but they are not sufficiently interested in trifling, or ordinary company; and without pride, or any intention to slight, naturally retreat from nonsense or levity to the pleasant indulgence of their own contemplations; therefore, they say but little in such company, and that little often from civility rather than because they are struck with what passes, or impelled to speak by the interesting nature of the question, or the manner in which it is discussed. In the meantime, a feather will tickle and excite a fool.

It is wrong therefore, I conclude to form a decisive opinion of a man's professional abilities, from what appears in common conversation. The only true criterion is the exercise of those abilities in some act of his profession. I judge of the companion in company, but of the lawyer's abilities at the bar or from his written opinion; of the clergyman's from the pulpit or the press; of the physician's from the *repeated* success of his actual practice; judge of the merchant from his *punctuality* and *payments*, from his behaviour on the mart, and not from his volubility at the coffee-house.

It is an erroneous judgment, which is often formed of children, as well as men, when those are supposed to have the best parts, who talk most. Excessive garrulity is certainly incompatible with solid thinking, and is the mark of that volatile and superficial turn, which, dwelling upon the surfaces of things, never penetrates deeply enough to make any valuable discoveries. But, as no rule is without exceptions, some great thinkers, it must be confessed, have also been great talkers.

No man can unite in himself every excellence. He, who excels as a pleasant and lively companion, may be deficient in judgment, in accuracy, in a power of attention and labour; and he, who excels in these, may want the versatility, the gaiety, the cheerfulness, which are necessary to render the communication of ideas in a mixed society, agreeable. Men associate in the convivial hour of leisure, from their professional or commercial employment, more for the sake of passing their time with ease, and even mirth, than of being improved, or lessoned by the sage remarks of austere philosophy.

Addison, who could write so agreeably on all subjects, was not an entertaining companion, unless the circle was select. Johnson loved company, because he found himself attended to in it, as an oracle of taste and wisdom; but he could not be said to possess companionable *agrement*. His character ensured him respect, previously to his speaking, and what he said, justified it; for it was original and solid; his authoritative tone and manner compelled acquiescence, even if conviction was not produced; but after all, he was not what the *world* calls a *pleasant* companion. Some of his contemporaries of far inferior merit, and more circumscribed reputation, diffused joy and information wherever they went, and were beloved, at the same time that they were admired. They have also written books, but their books are not to be compared to Johnson's. Their books were forgotten or despised, even while their conversation was sought and enjoyed by all ranks of people.

But, as universal excellence is desirable, it seems right, that men should labour to supply every defect, and, therefore, I wish writers to cultivate the art and habits of conversation, and talkers, on the other hand, to obtain the solidity and accuracy of writers; and thus the advantage derived to hearers and readers will be augmented."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

[About three years since, in the course of a journey up the lakes, I had the pleasure, at Detroit, of becoming acquainted with a gentleman, who had travelled much among the different Indian nations, and understood the languages of several of them: from him I received an account, of which the following is a copy. I think it very curious, and worthy of preservation in your entertaining miscellany.

H.

According to your request, sir, of yesterday, I send you the song of a Chippeway Indian, composed on leaving his mistress, to go against a large party of the Ottagamies, that had attacked his nation. What his fate was I am unable to inform you.

I send you also a bad translation, in which much of the strength of the original is lost. I would have sent it in plain prose, in which I could have done it more justice, but your observation, that "a song in one language, ought to be a song in another," induces me to give it you in its present form. The Indian songs, however, have neither the rhythm of the English, French, &c. nor the measure of the Greek and Latin poetry: but their language is strong and impressive. They are dictated by uncultured nature, and are well calculated to call into action the passions of mankind in a rude state, as the images, with which, like the poetry of the Orientals, they abound, are mostly familiar to the senses. Their language, like the characters they use to write in, may be called hieroglyphical; of this, you see instances in the speeches, madeby their chiefs, at the different treaties with the whites. They speak, for example, of the *tree* of peace, the *chain* of friendship, the *hatchet* of war; and, in like manner, when they declare war, a messenger is sent to their enemies, who, perhaps, without saying a word, delivers them a *hatchet* or *tomahawk*, painted *red*, with the *symbol* of the nation (as a tortoise, buck, &c.) marked on it. When they sue for peace, a *band* of wampum is sent.

The pronunciation and length of their words, render it difficult to confine them to any measure; but still a choice is much attended to, in the formation of their songs, which are mostly epic, and few possessed of the tenderness of the following.

I remain, &c,

Mohegon pichebo teskenekaw Matenah, makawalah nepish, saumaganosh! temante metoka, cauchee nepish.

Tauneendah mittah natchemowee, edawlah wacawkee, neremosa Matenah, natchewah Mohegon, Matenah nepish.

Natchewah mawah, temaune saukokee, endaulah! commawin nantagetchemegaugh, towah makawatah, tawawmissee.

Katcheh! nepish Matenah, tomatewatsaw Mohegon; topawah matakeeneh, topawah saukokee topawah.

Katchekee Mohegon maneto petontee, Mateneh maneto semakawingosh, wakaw watsaw, tapin koali saumaganosh.

TRANSLATION.

See, Matena, Mohegon flies
  At glory's ardent call,
Where, gash'd with wounds, the warrior dies,
  Yet triumphs in his fall.

And if decreed my life to give,
  To keep our nation free,
My Matena, my charmer, live
  For him, who died for thee!

Ah! live to hear thy lover's name
  Prais'd for his patriot fire,
And join the glorious song of fame,
  His warlike deeds inspire.

So, when those eyes are clos'd in night,
  Shall great Mohegon prove,
Renew'd the scenes of dear delight,
  Which taught him here to love.

Katchekee* shall his shade convey,
  With thine to make it blest,
Where, far beyond the western ray,
  The brave forever rest.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following, gleaned from an old magazine, is a good description of the pensive pleasures of a lonely enthusiast.]

While busy mortals crowd around
  The city, court and throne,
Intent to see, and to be seen,
  To know and to be known;
I turn away, content I turn
  To sweet domestic bowers,
And ponder how I best may spend
  My life's few fleeting hours.
The twinkling twilight oft I trace,
  Sometimes the dusky dawn,
My steps unseen by human race,
  I love to be alone.

Yet sure my thoughtful musing mind
  The social transport knows,
Round many a friend these opening arms
  With extacy would close.
Sure I could leave my couch by night,
  To serve my greatest foe;
And quit the brightest hour of joy,
  To wipe the tear of woe.
'Tis giddy, trifling, vain parade
  My heart and mind disown,
The endless buzz, by folly made;
  I love to be alone.

Yet not averse, when duty calls,
  I leave my quiet sphere,
And mingle in the walks of men,
  The walks of men are dear.
I love the intellectual feast,
  Shar'd with the good and wise,
Nor less the little temperate meal
  Simplicity supplies.
I freely join the rustic throng,
  Licentious scenes unknown,
With children play; but ere 'tis long,
  I wish to be alone.

But oh! while sorrow's mingled cries
  Through earth's fair vales resound,
The ear of pensive fancy tries
  To catch the piercing sound;
Her wishful eye surveys the shores,
  Where *sable* lovers part;
His trembling limbs fell iron tears,
  Keen anguish breaks *her* heart.
Oh! could I aid this injur'd race,
  I'd seek their flaming zone,
The white and sable tyrants face,
  Nor wish to be alone.

* Katchekee is the name of a spirit, who, they believe, conveys the warriors, who fall in the defence of their nation, to a place of perpetual happiness; where the sky is constantly unclouded, and where, under the shade of spreading trees, they taste delights, which, in their former state, they were too weak to bear. The Supreme Spirit they call Katche-maneto, i. e. Governor of souls.

And oh! for sweet sincerity
  The pensive muse shall guide:
I *feel* the *lonely lot* of man
  Has happiness denied.
Unblest is he that wanders o'er
  The varied paths of time,
Without a kind and gentle maid,
  Companion of his prime;
Good natur'd, gentle, kind and fair..,.
  Were such a maid my own,
Better with her my lot to share,
  Than live and die alone.

—

[The suavity of the subsequent stanzas will sooth the ear of the poet, and the gallant may repeat them to *himself*.]

FROM HAFEZ, THE PERSIAN POET.

SOFTLY.

Disguised last night I rush'd from home,
To seek the palace of my soul;
I reached by silent steps the dome,
And to her chamber *softly* stole.

On a gay, various couch reclin'd,
In sweet repose I saw the maid;
My breast, like aspens to the wind,
To love's alarums *softly* play'd.

Two fingers then to half expanse,
I trembling op'd with fear oppress'd;
With these I pull'd her veil askance,
Then *softly* drew her to my breast.

"Who art thou wretch?" my angel cry'd,
Whispering I said, thy slave, thy swain;
But hush my love, forbear to chide,
Speak *softly*, lest some hear the strain.

Trembling with love, with hope and fear,
At length her ruby lips I press'd;
Sweet kisses oft....mellifluous....dear,
Softly I snatch'd.....was *softly* blest.

"O, let me" now inflamed I said,
My idol clasp within these arms;
"Remove the light," deep sigh'd the maid,
Come, *softly*, come, prevent alarms.

Now by her side, with bliss I glow'd,
Swift flew the night in am'rous play;
At length the morning's herald crow'd,
When *softly* thence I bent my way.

—

EPIGRAM.

ON MR....THE WINE MERCHANT.

His cursed compounds while Balderdash vends,
And brews his *dear* poisons for all his *dear* friends,
No wonder they never can get him to dine;
He's afraid they'd oblige him to drink *his own wine!*

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